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Lost Spartans



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Chapter 1 by Glowpy-Druglord

“Are we even sure this is a good idea?” the pitch black and green Spartan questioned in the dead silence of the night. She was sitting on top of a wrecked human ship, her battle rifle in her lap. Her entire body was tense, her fingers digging into the small grooves in the gun. Her dark green visor glowed dully, barely illuminating her surroundings. At the small sound of a snapping twig, her rifle was snatched up into her hands with reflexes mastered over the years. She skillfully aimed it, steadying the scope on the blood red target in front of her.

“Easy, tiger,” the blood red Spartan called to her friend. “It’s just me.”

The first Spartan let out a relieved sigh. She lowered her gun, taking a few small steps forward to extend her hand to her friend. “Thank god it was just you. I was a little worried that Locke and his Spartans had found us. Don’t scare me like that, Bloodgust.” Bloodgust chuckled a bit, clutching the extended hand and taking the boost up to the ship.

“You’re so jumpy, Nightfall,” she commented. She climbed up the side of their crashed vessel, sitting beside her comrade. “Locke won’t find us. I made sure of it.” She waved the disabled

tracking device in front of Nightfall’s visor. “Here, I’ll make sure that it’ll never work.” She pulled out her sniper with one hand, the other holding the device. Quickly putting the scope to her visor, Bloodgust squeezed the trigger, sending a bullet straight through it. Sparking and wires spilling out, the device was destroyed. “Problem solved!”

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Nightfall gave her friend a playful shove. "That doesn't make me feel any better. Thanks anyways."

Bloodgust shook her head, leaning back on her hands. "Locke's looking for Chief, remember? I doubt he'll look for a Sargent and Captain who, in no way, have any sort of relation with him." Putting her rifle back on her back, Bloodgust elbowed Nightfall. "Oh, come on. Why would he look for us?"

"Maybe because we saw Chief before he fled?" Nightfall growled. "Locke could torture us and get out the information that way. Did that ever occur to you in your pea sized brain?" She lifted her right hand, poking Bloodgust's helmet with her finger.

"One: there's no need to be rude. Two: we don't even know where the lunatic ran off to. And three: Locke doesn't have time to torture us in the first place. Get your finger away from me before I break it off and shove it in your eye." Pushing her hand away, the Spartan stood. "I did patrol, Night. I saw nothing involving Covenant or Spartans. We're safe for the night."

Nightfall groaned loudly. "You're not doing too good of a job of making me feel any better about the situation we're in currently. Just shut up please and get some sleep. I'll take first watch." Grabbing her gun, the Spartan slid downwards and jumped off of the vessel. She landed with a thud on the hard forest ground, panning her visor around. Looking back over her shoulder, Nightfall let out a breath of relief when she saw Bloodgust's sleeping form.

"It's a good thing they let me actually paint my armor black instead of that dark gray," she muttered to herself. "Alright, Bloodgust. Let's see if you actually did something right for once." She proceeded forward, her visor illuminating the area in front of her. "Oh, Chief. You're going to get us killed." Lifting her head to the blackened sky above her, she heaved a sigh. "You already got Arch killed. You better not get us."

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"Anything?" Bloodgust called to Nightfall when she came back. The black Spartan shook her head, keeping her silence. Bloodgust lifted her knee to her chest, resting her elbow on it.

Clenching and unclenching her fist, the blood red Spartan tilted her helmet to a side. "You... What's up? You look more depressed than I was removed." Once it left her mouth, Bloodgust's head tilted back and she heaved a sigh.

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"It's nothing. And I told you not to mention Echo." Nightfall climbed up their vessel to sit beside her friend. "I don't want to be reminded of what happened."

"You're thinking of Arch, aren't you?" Bloodgust pressed. "Come on, Night. His death wasn't your fault. You did your best to seal his wound."

"I could have saved him," Nightfall growled fiercely. "If I hadn't froze up like that and forgot everything I was supposed to do, he would have been here with us. Not sitting on his butt, like us, but actually trying to figure out a way to get out of here." She clenched her fist angrily. "I wanted him to be by my side, I wanted to put our soldiers in the ground with him. Not let him join them in burial."

"Nightfall, quit getting so worked up about everything that happened last week," Bloodgust snapped. "Stop being a baby and think straight. You're letting all of your bad memories get in the way of your clear thinking. Forget Echo; forget Arch. Focus on our task. We need a way to escape this pitiful planet and get back to the base." Nightfall looked away from her partner.

With an angered sigh, Bloodgust stood with her rifle. "Fine, be like that. When you're done with your teenage mood swing and over dramatic anger spree, I'll be in the ship trying to see what I can salvage. We've been putting the salvaging off for at least three days." She slid down the side of the vessel, stopping half way. She brought her foot up to the window, ramming it into the cracked glass. With two kicks, the glass shattered into shards and the window was open wide enough for the Spartan to climb through. She slid inside of the broken down vessel, landing with a thud that echoed in dead silence. Reaching up for her visor, Bloodgust switched on the flashlight built into her helmet. The bright light illuminated the area around her, providing enough for her to see.

"Boy, this place was a lot more lively when everyone was still alive," Bloodgust muttered under her breath. "Especially all the privates arguing over who got to sit in the co-pilot seat." She had her rifle clutched in her hands, in case any animals made their way into the interior.

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against the wall. Her night vision was kicking on, but there was not much help in that advancement.

Bloodgust heaved a heavy sigh, adjusting her helmet to fit to her head. It was pure coincidence that paired the two Spartans together, their commander had no idea they would meet. She chuckled at the thought, she could remember that day like it was yesterday.

It was a search and rescue mission, four marines had been stranded on an abandoned battle station that had been used by the Covenant. Bloodgust had been a part of a rescue team, the only female and the only Spartan on the team. She led them with great efficiency, it was a rare occasion that a marine or Spartan would die on them before they got them back to base. They were the best of the best, but nothing was like this particular mission.

Their Pelican had a rough time going through the atmosphere of the planet, the turbulence shaking them around. Bloodgust had a hold of one of the straps hanging from the roof of the plane, her rifle at the side of her thigh. Her marines were not happy about going to a planet once inhabited by Covenant and one looked as though he was going to vomit. Bloodgust, in particular, was more focus on what she was going to do when they landed on the planet. She had some time to delve into her thoughts before they touched the surface and most of this time was spent on figuring out a reasonable plan. She hadn't noticed the ship had stopped until one of her marines aroused her from her thoughts.

"Sir, we've landed," he said. "The rest of the squad is already out of the Pelican and on the ground." Bloodgust nodded to him, releasing the strap, and hopping out of the plane. The bay door closed and the black air craft whisked out of sight.

Bloodgust turned to her squad, tilting her visor upwards. "There's no telling what might be waiting for us here, I want you to report anything unusual." She turned to the marine that had aroused her from her thoughts, motioning him to follow her. "Move out."

The marine fell into stride with her as they proceeded north through the wrecked station. "Sir, do you know this place? You seem distant as if it brought back memories.

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She shook her head curtly. "I'm fine. I just don't know if the distress signal came from our marines. Or something else."

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